

# FOUR SONGS








# FOUR SONGS

COMPOSED  
— BY —

EDWARD MAC DOWELL  
OP. 56.



HIGH  
OR  
LOW  
VOICE

Edition Schmidt.  
No. 49 a b.

Price, 75 cents

ARTHUR P. SCHMIDT

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# Four Songs.

## I.

EDWARD MAC DOWELL.  
Op. 56.

Simply, with pathos. (♩ = about 72.)

VOICE. *p*

Long a - go sweet - heart mine, Ros - es

PIANO. *p*

bloomed as ne'er be - fore, Long a - go the world was young For

*p*

*pp*

us sweet-heart. Fields of vel - vet, a - zure skies Whisp'ring

*pp very softly.*

*pp*

trees and murm - 'ring stream; Long a - go Life spread his

*very softly.*

wings For us sweet - heart. And now that

*p*

night is near Must God's harvest e'en be reaped, Yet our love

our love shall live For aye sweet - heart.

*ppp*

*Ad.*

\*

## II.

EDWARD MAC DOWELL.  
Op. 56.

With much feeling. (♩ = about 112.)

VOICE. "The Swan bent low to the Lil - y, Mid

PIANO. *p*

*pp*

wav - 'ring shadows green, And the songs he mur - mur'd soft - ly,

*pp*

*f passionately.*

Know'st thou what they mean?" I could tell thee

*f*

tru - ly, But Oh, I may not dare

Look in my eyes and tell me, What said the Lil - y


fair?

## III.

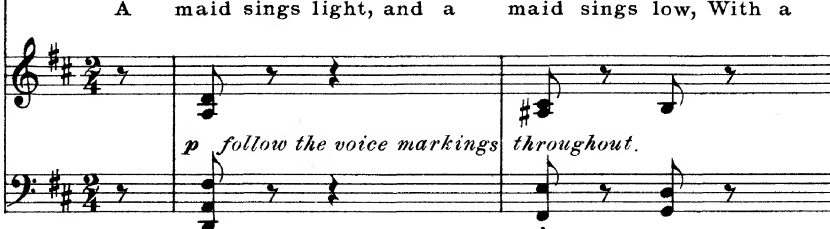
EDWARD MAC DOWELL.

Op. 56.

Brightly, archly. (♩ = about 100.)

VOICE. 

A maid sings light, and a maid sings low, With a

PIANO. 

*p* follow the voice markings throughout.



merry, merry laugh in her eyes of sloe, I tell thee lad have a





care, nor dare, Lest thou lose thy heart in the fair one's snare, And





*increase..*      *ret..*

doth she pout, and doth she sigh, And doth she pout, and

*pp more deliberately.*      *pp*

doth she sigh, Ne'er go too close, nor dry her eye, too

*pp*

*Ped.*      \*

*ret.*

close, nor dry her eye, I tell thee—lad have a

*p*

*Ped.*      \*

*ret. - - - lightly.*

care, she's fair, She'll sure - ly laugh thy prayer to air, For a.

maid loves light, and a maid loves so, That a merry, merry laugh will

*ret. - - - lightly.*

answer thy woe, I tell thee lad, have a care, nor dare, Lest thou

*ret.*

lose thy heart in the fair one's snare.

# IV.

9

EDWARD MAC DOWELL.

Op. 56.

*Tenderly.* (♩ = 80.)

VOICE.

As the gloam-ing shadows creep Through the forest deep— Fra

PIANO.

*pp*

Night-in-gale sings sweet— Sings sweet through the for-est deep—

*p*

As through the trees the moonbeams sweep,

*p*

P. L. J. 492 d

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*f broadly.*

Lo! a maid with ea-ger feet Seeks in vain her love to greet

*f*

Ah sweet, why moan, why moan and weep? For aye the gloam-ing

*pp* *pp ret.* \*

shadows creep And hearts will cease to beat— Still Fra Nightin-

*f*

*ret.*

gale sings sweet, Sings sweet when love is deep, when love is deep.

*p* *pp*